

Children's Department.

A GAME OF TAG.

A grasshopper once had a game of tag
With some crickets that lived near by,
When he stubbed his toe, and over he went
In the twinkling of an eye.

Then the crickets leaned up against a fence,
And laughed till their sides were sore;
But the grasshopper said, "You are laughing at
me,
And I sha'n't play any more."

So off he went though he wanted to stay,
For he was not hurt by his fall;
And the gay little crickets went on with the game,
And never missed him at all.

A bright-eyed squirrel called out as he passed,
Swinging from a tree by his toes,
"What a foolish fellow that grasshopper is!
Why, he's bit off his own little nose."

—Illustrated Lesson Paper.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Dear Boys and Girls:—We are glad to have more names to report to you this week. Following is the list with amount given by each person credited to the name:

Minnie Eglin, Hamlin, Kans.,	\$.10
Mattie M. Little, Flora, Ind.,	.10
Harrison, Burr,	.10
I. C. Bole, Pittsburg, Pa.,	.25
Cora Partridge, Good Hope, O.,	.10
Grace Omy,	.25
Florence Newcomer, Bryan, O.,	.10
Niagra " " "	.10
Leono Ronemons,	.10
Elsie " "	.10
Previously Acknowledged,	3.60
Total,	\$4 90

Dear Editor:—I will write a few lines for the paper. We have a large Junior class. I go to school and so does my brother. I am in the third reader and my brother is in the fourth. I like my teacher very well and I like to go to school. My father is a preacher.

Milford, Ind. EDDIE RENCH.

Dear Editor:—I am ten years old. I thought I would write to the EVANGELIST. This is my second letter. I went to school all winter but the winter term is closed now. We had a good entertainment at the close of school. My grandpa died in October and I miss him so much. He was a good grandpa. I do not expect to see this letter in print as mamma cannot afford to take the paper. We liked it very much when we took it. We have preaching once a month. Brother Hixson preaches for us. We like him very much.

Godfrey, Kans. FAYE SPICER.

Dear Editor:—I am a little girl nine years old. I go to S. S. whenever I can. Our pastor is I. N. Miller. We like him very well. He held a good meeting here this winter and some united with the church. My brother Elmer and myself gave our souls to Jesus. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren church. We have a K. C. society. I like to go. I am the child of a King. I will close by saying God bless the EVANGELIST.

LaPaz, Ind. MAMIE GILLIS.

Dear Editor:—As I have not been to Sunday-school to day I will write a few lines for our column. I love to attend Sunday-school. My teacher is Mrs. Crownover. I like to read the letters from the children. We should try to fill our page with letters. I will answer a few questions. The word egg is found in Job 6:6 and also in Luke 11:12. I will ask some questions. Where is the word mice found in the Bible? How many times does the word eternity appear in the Bible? I will close.

Hudson, Iowa.

GERTRUDE HESSE.

Dear Editor:—You will find enclosed twenty-five cents for Brother McFaden's baptistry in Chicago. I never saw Brother Mack but once, and then he said I would make a preacher, but my papa says he is doubtful. I am too fond of my play things and don't care enough for books. I am in the infant class and Miss Lida Reynolds is my teacher. She has twenty-five other good little boys just like me. I am three and one half years old and have gone to Bible school nearly every Lord's day since I have been eight weeks old. My papa has helped me with this my first letter.

Pittsburg, Pa.

I. C. BOLE, JR.

Dear Editor:—I enclose 10 cents for the Chicago Mission to be used for what they need the most. Brother McFaden was our pastor until he went to Chicago. Our church was destroyed by the cyclone last May and has not been rebuilt yet. We had Sunday-school in the school-house up to the first of January, but no preaching. My grandpa and grandma belong to the Baptist church in Hamlin and we go to church with them. We expect to have Brother McFaden preach for us a short time soon.

Hamlin, Kans.

MINNIE ELGIN.

Dear Editor:—This is my first letter for the children's page. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Miss Edna A. Robinson. We have Sunday-school every Sunday. I attended the Conference at Warsaw this summer. I live a mile and a half from Sunday-school. Rev. Stoneburner held a series of meeting at Gravelton this winter and there were seven baptized. My school will be out in five weeks and four days. My father and two sisters belong to the Brethren church.

Gravelton, Ind.

PEARL MALCOLM.

A HAPPY-FAOED BOY.

Who does not like to see a happy-faced boy? There is, perhaps, nothing more beautiful in this world, unless it may be a happy-faced girl. Someone once was sitting behind a blackberry bush, on a lovely spring day, quite out of sight, and saw a happy-faced boy, and he is described as follows:

Over the fence jumped a boy—a sweet, happy-faced boy of ten. I knew that he had come from the schoolhouse down the road and was going to the spring which bubbled up under a rock in my meadow. He was eating his luncheon as he walked, had just put the last bit of bread into his mouth, and was looking rather eagerly, as tho he enjoyed the prospects very much, at a slice of a delicious-looking cake which he held in his hand. Just as he had opened his mouth to take the first bite his eye

fell upon a little pail under a tree not far from the blackberry bush. I had been looking at the pail, so I knew just what he saw—two slices of bread, that is all; and judging from the appearance of the owner of the pail, who had left it to go to the schoolhouse, that is all there ever was in it.

Well, my boy looked at the bread and then at the cake in his hand. "He shall have half," I heard him say, and he took hold of the cake as tho to break it, then paused. "Half is only a mouthful—he shall have it all;" then, stooping, he laid the delicious cake in the little pail, and, whistling softly, went on his way to the bubbling spring.

"Ah, no wonder that you are happy-faced, you noble, generous boy," I said as I wiped away the tears behind the friendly shelter of the blackberry bush.—*Religious Telescope.*

FLOSSIE'S IDEA.

Flossie was seven years old when her mamma took her to live in the country. All her life she had lived in the heart of a large manufacturing town, and knew nothing of the beauties of the country. Oh, how delighted she was with the green fields, the buttercups, and daises! But most of all she loved to hear the lark singing its songs of joy far away up in the blue sky. But she never thought it was a bird that sent the sweet, clear music through the air. One day she was sitting in the garden. The lark was not visible, but his song was heard, ever bright and melodious, as it mingled with the soft, sighing summer wind; and the child listened eagerly.

"What are you looking at, Flossie?" said her mamma.

"Nothing, mamma," answered Flossie.

"Are you listening to the lark? He is too far up for you to see him."

"The lark, mamma? Is that the lark?"

"Yes, of course it is. What did you think it was, darling?"

"I thought," said Flossie, with a slightly disappointed look, "it was the angels." *Nora D. Gardner.*

"Well, Jacky," said Uncle George, "what are you going to be when you grow up?"

"An uncle if I can afford it," said Jacky. "Uncles ought always to have pockets full of nickels to give to their nephews don't you think?"—*Ibid.*

A SON-SHINE.

I gaze upon a little radiant face,
And bless, internally, the merry boy
Who "makes a son-shine in a shady place."
—Hood.